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Wondrously Clean

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Lord,
Isaiah called them filthy rags
Human acts of righteousness
Through prophetic eyes
He saw them as You do,
Echoing the Spirit,
Your revulsion.
I look at my life
The good I attempt to do
Corroded by Satan, by my sin,
Filthy rags, indeed.
Feel the louse-infested,
Mud-crusted, ripped and torn
Pieces of cloth that fail to cover me
Leaving me naked before my God.

Jesus steps in front of me
Covers me with blood
His blood
Flowing from his head, wrists, side, feet.
It becomes a snow white robe
Reaching from my head
Down to my toes
Somehow,
When God turns His eyes to me
All He can see
Is Jesus,
Precious Jesus.
I hide behind my Saviour
No more filth
No more rags
In His mercy
I am wondrously clean.